# THE HUNTRESS

EDUCATION—"*The main pillar which sustains the Temple of Liberty.*—JEFFERSON.

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THE HUNTRESS.

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BY

MRS ANNE ROYALL.

AT THE CORNER OF NORTH B AND THIRD STREET CAPITOL, HILL.


## SELECTED TALES.

*From Graham's Magazine.*

### THE MOCK MARRIAGE.

BY MRS. E. STEPHENS.

'Scold, scold, thump, thump, scold, scold away!
There is no comfort in the house upon a washing day!'

Nonsense! I only wish the writer of those lines had been at our cottage by the old bridge on washing days, it would have made him sing other words to the same lively air, or I am sadly mistaken.

Washing day! why it was the happiest twelve hours in the week to us children.' We could scarcely sleep all the night before from fervent anticipations of the frolic which it brought.—It was astonishing how our intellects were sharpened, and our ingenuity brought in force to devise ways and means for escaping school on that particular morning. * * * * * A nice tidy old creature was our washerwoman, one that an artist would have sketched in spite of himself, had he seen her wending along the shady path, in the cool morning, with a kerchief of brilliant cotton passed neatly over her cap, and tied beneath the chin Gray or Page would have taken a fancy to the old woman, even before her kind, mild face came in view. There was something picturesque about her raiment, and movements were in fine keeping with the dewy quietude reposing among the dark green foliage through which she was wholly revealed, or seen only by glimpses, as she came towards the cottage.

But there was sometimes another object which almost every young man of taste, even though not an artist, would have fancied—for Lida was possessed of a beauty so soft and delicate, that it seemed natural to the green woods, almost as the flowers that spring to live and perish there. Lida—sweet, pretty Lida—as we always called her, was a girl of some ten years old, when I could remember of her coming to the house with her mother—and she is almost the first object that I can remember—for she was just the creature to fasten herself on the mind of a child whose instinct it was to love the beautiful, and be grateful for kindness. Lida came with her mother every week for many a year—and it was to her that our washing day owed all its cheerfulness. The old woman brought her girl to 'take care of the children,' she said—and such as she took to make us happy, was never so successfully exerted by mortal being before or since.

* * * * * * * * *

A change fell upon our wa-hing-days; the old woman came as usual, but, alas! Lida, dear Lida, no longer helped us gather sticks from the drift heaps, or allowed her ringing laugh to set the birds a chirping, from sympathy in the pine woods. Lida was an apprentice now learning the milliner's trade on Falls Hill. * * * But sometimes the young girl would start early, and come with her mother for a few moments Monday mornings! but she seemed more thoughtful than formerly, and there was something peculiarly sweet in her smile, which was more beautiful even than her pure, bird-like laugh. Her complexion settled into that clear pearly white which carries the idea of mental purity with it, while it indicates perfect health quite as truly as the richest bloom. Her eyes were very changeable, and shaded by the longest and most jetty lashes you ever saw, while her little mouth was bright and red as a ripe strawberry. When she smiled much, a dimple settled on her cheek and round her mouth like the shadow of a honey-bee when it is flying around a lily—and when she was just seventeen, and had begun her apprenticeship, it was pleasant to observe how lively the child had become as she approached the threshold of womanhood.

The milliner's shop where Lida worked was in the second story of a dry goods store, near the Episcopal church. There were two rooms in front, separated by a narrow entry; and as Miss Smith, the milliner, always took a remarkable fancy for fresh air whenever lawyer Gilbert was in the opposite room and insisted that the door should be left open, Lida was hours together that she could not lift her eyes without knowing that a young man rather handsome, and with singularly fine eyes, sat within the adjoining room, though she never looked directly at him or could see the least indication that he took any advantage of Miss Smith's liberality regarding the door.

Miss Smith was a town-bred, dashing milliner, rather social, and ready to impart information regarding former conquests in town, even to her apprentice girls' so long as they were content to admire and wonder at a respectful distance, but amid all her condescension she never once allowed 'our Lida' to forget the immeasurable distance that existed between a bleach-box and a wash-tub. She sat before her two apprentice girls, with one foot resting on the top of a bonnet block, twisting up little bows of ribbon, and admiring the effect, like Calypso her nymphs—that is, supposing the goddess had ever condescending to become useful without the least shadow of necessity, as Miss Smith affirmed was the case with herself.—Sometimes the lady would quietly steal a glance through her black ringlets to observe if the lawyer were remarking the elegance of her position and as the girls seldom lifted their eyes in that direction, it was easy to indicate the force of her charms by exclamations of 'Dear me! I wonder why Mr Gilbert is always looking this way! What can he find so interesting? I really wish he would not sit so exactly against the door!'

Had the girls looked toward the lawyer's office at such times, they would have seen him tranquilly pouring over a very new volume in paper binding, with his back toward the door, his chair balanced on two legs, and his feet resting on the edge of a table covered with law books in sheepskin backs, perfectly unfurnished, a pair of boxing gloves a flute, quantities of writing paper, and pens without number. If Mr. Gilbert really was attracted by the bold, black eyes which were so often bent up on him or the beauty of a neck more than usually exposed when the weather was warm enough for doors to be left open, enough of a lawyer to avoid the observation of witnesses to his delinquencies and though Miss Smith's evidence passed very well before her elder apprentice, and dear unsophisticated Lida, it was good for nothing in a court of law, and no damages were likely to follow.

It would have been a very unprincipled thing in the young lawyer, had the deep flounces and pretty cap, which Miss Smith set for him, taken effect—for he was already engaged to a young lady who had just returned from boarding school in New Haven and the fine old homestead, which stood a little back from the church, embowered in a grove of oaks, and with an old fashioned flower garden attached, was at that very moment tumultuous with the noise of workmen who were preparing it for the reception of a pride—lawyer Gilbert's bride.

Once or twice, Mr. Gilbert did actually lift his eyes from the paper bound volume when his position admitted of the effort without too much trouble, and looking earnestly into the milliner's room but as Miss Smith leaned her head, and cast a side glance through the interstice thus made between two of her longes curls, she saw that his eyes were fixed not on her, but on the dropping lids and dark lashes of Lida, the washerwoman's daughter.

He might well gaze on the innocent picture of that young girl, as she sat on a low stool, bending over her work with her dark hair twisted in single massive braid around her finely moulded head, her tiny foot creeping from the folds of her calico dress, and her small hand fluttering about the rose colored silk she was sewing, like a bird requiting with a flower. And the milliner might, indeed, experience an uncomfortable sensation as she turned her kindling eyes on the unconscious possessor of so much loveliness—especially as lawyer Gilbert never turned a page that afternoon without stealing a look at the gentle girl from over the top of his volume.

The next morning Lida was banished to a window which looked out upon the fields, was delighted with the change.—Bred to the fields as she had been, it was so pleasant to look up from her work now and then, and rest her aching eyes with a glance at the green trees, and the cold blue sky beyond—

She was very grateful for the change in her position, and thanked the milliner so sweetly again and again, that the lady really began applaud herself for having done a kind action—a sensation which, from its extreme novelty, must have been exceedingly agreeable.

Directly before Lida's window was closely trampled greensward, divided by the highway as it curved up from the valley. Opposite stood a large willow tree, with a profusion of delicate foliage drooping over its heavy branches to the ground. Behind this tree was a two-story house, white as a snow-drift, and surrounded by those thickets—a large portico was over the front door, and around one of its slender pillars a single honeysuckle-vine had twisted itself like a wreath. The house was so near that Lida could almost count the crimson blossoms from her seat by the window, and when a young girl would come into the portico with a book, which she never read, or an embroidery-frame, which she never used, Lida would ply her needle with great diligence and blush to be so earnestly regarded by the most accomplished and haughty girl in our village. She knew this young lady was the intended bride of Mr. Gilbert, but never dreamed that it was his presence near a window, with his flute, that drew Miss, Warner's attention to the building. Poor Lida! in the innocence of her heart, she was beginning to think that the boarding-school graduate had taken a fancy to her, and was desirous of an acquaintance.

In order to interest lawyer Gilbert, Miss Smith had already exhausted all positive means of attack She had sent to his room for a volume of Byron, she dozed on his poetry, it was so soft, and would be so obliged if Mr. Gilbert favored her by the loan of Childe Harold or Manfred, or his comedies.

Mr. Gilbert returned answer that his copy of Byron was sent to Miss Warner, across the way.

Miss Smith's compliments again.'—'Would Mr. Gilbert oblige her by playing that lovely air once more, Miss Smith was so delighted with it.

Mr. Gilbert unscrewed his flute, laid it on the table, and then returned his most respectful compliments to Miss Smith, but the physician had forbidden him to practice more than fifteen minutes at a time, under any circumstances.

The milliner could hit on no other device, she gave an additional flounce other dress, let down a ringlet of more subduing length from her hair, moved her work-table decidedly opposite the door, and had resolved on a seige, the success of which must, depend on her own personal attractions—when Lida became an apprentice, and was banished to the window.

During the four days that followed the punishment intended for Lida, Miss Smith was in fine spirits. Mr. Gilbert not only looked at her more than twenty times a day, but on one instance he passed in the entry passage, and took a step toward the door, as if tempted to enter But he changed his mind, and in a few minutes Lida saw him cross the highway, enter the white portico opposite, sit down by the young lady who was loitering away the morning in its shade,

The next day rained, and every thing looked dull and miserable. The water drops pattered ceaselessly against the windows, and the old will stood on the green with its branches drooping to the earth, like the plumage of a great bird that could find no shelter. The room was cold and cheerless. Miss Smith sat by her table, disappointed and cross. The moist air which swept in from the entry, took the stiffening from her silks, and if she closed the door, all hopes of seeing the lawyer were at an end for the day. She would have submitted to the faded lustre of her goods, but when the damp had taken her ringlets out of curl, and began to chill her neck, she flung a shawl over her shoulders, tore up a bonnet pattern to roll her hair in, and putting on the worst of tempers with her altered looks, ordered the doors closed, and determined to make a miserable day of it.

A knock at the door.

'Come in,' said Miss Smith—'Lida, go and get the black crape bonnet you altered yesterday, the boy has come after it, I suppose.'

Lida had scarcely time to lay down her work, when the door opened and Mr. Gilbert walked quietly into the room.

Miss Smith blushed crimson, dropped her shawl, and seemed tempted to commence depredations on the curl papers forth with. Lida took up her work again, and Mr. Gilbert sat down amid a torrent of compliments from Miss Smith and began to turn over a volume of Byron, which he had brought in his hand.

He had done himself the pleasure of bringing the book which Miss Smith desired.

Miss Smith was delighted—would Mr. Gilbert obliged her by reading a few pages, if he was not too much engaged—she had been informed that he read beautifully.

Mr. Gilbert would be too happy, but the light was so dim that he must sit by the window so moving his chair with self-possession of a man accustomed to having his own way—he sat down within a few paces of Lida. She did not look up, but the most delicate of all blushes broke into her cheek, and the young man saw that her fingers were a little tremulous, as she bent diligently over her work while she rejected duty searching for favorite poem, and Miss Smith took advantage of the opportunity to let down a quantity of black hair, which the mutilated pattern had failed to render more than wavy, and giving her flounces a light shade she drew her chair to the window, ordered Lida to place a block for her idet, and folding her hands with a graceful languor composed herself to listen.

It would be quite superfluous to say how many times the sensitive Miss Smith lifted her hands, and exclaimed,—'Beautiful! Exquisite! Oh! how sweet, while the reading of Childe Harold went on, or to give any description of the color which glowed and deepened in the cheek of our Lida, and the pleasure which filled those soft eyes till they sparkled like gems beneath her drooping lashes. But it is quite necessary to inform the reader that after this rainy day, Mr. Gilbert was a constant visiter at the milliner's shop—that he read Childe Harold quite through, and when Miss Smith solicited some of the shorter poems, he looked at Lida and answered no—he would send them to Miss Smith, but not there. Miss Smith was delighted with this indication, that her neighbor desired a TETE-A TETE, and Lida, who had heard Byron for the first time—though she had read more than most girls of her age—was quite unconscious of the compliment paid to her purity of character in the denial. The lawyer had a large library, and there was no lack of books for perusal. Lida seldom spoke while he was reading, but it was pleasant for an indolent and refined man like Gilbert to study the changes of her sweet face It was like a volume of 'unwritten poetry, which no one could read but himself. In less than a week his easy chair was wheeled into the milliner's room every day, and he was quite domesticated among the straw trimmings, scrape of satin, and pasteboard chips, that littered the floor.

A sense of aristocratic distinction is a remarkable pleasant feeling, but in order to enjoy it perfectly, there must be some companionship.

(To be Continued.)

# WASHINGTON CITY.

*SATURDAY MAY* 6, 1843.

## NEW PAPERS.

Several very beautiful papers have reached us, within the two last weeks. Three of these are neutral. The spirit of the AGE published in Pittsburg Pa. This is a mere local paper, relating to business, trade, steamboats, advertisements and a moderate sprinkling of news, and miscellany as to the quality of the paper, and the mechanical performance of the work it *is* exceeded by none. It is Edited by Messrs Foster, McMillin, and Kennedy, at four dollars per ann. and, ten cents the single paper.

These are the papers that deserve encouragement, as they come forward upon merit alone, you will generally find them honest, independent, and useful to their country. But those political, like religious papers are for the most part *hirelings*, who take no interest in the common welfare of their country. Their politics, and their religion, are their pockets.

Like unto the Age is the "EVENING MERCURY published in Warren OHIO. Mr J. PALM the Editor, holds a keen pen, and seems to be a fearless and intellegent man, so far, he shows the independence and courtesy of a gentleman, and his Editorials and selections are well suited to the wants, and capacity, of the present state of society.

The paper is of the best quality and very neatly printed at $1. 25 per ann. It abounds in miscellany general news, and bon mots fair to be a useful paper. The remarks of the editor on passing events, are masterly and judicous.

By the way he cuts up some "CHRONICLE" man in fine style, and Post master "CALEB B. WICK" will have cause to remember his collums for some time to come. Success to him.

## THE FAIRFAX GAZETTE.

Is a neat little country paper published at Fairfax C. H. Va. It is likewise neutral in politics, but carefully publishes the doings of both sides, it has an extensive miscellany and general news, proportioned to the size of the paper and the situation of place in which it is published. The Editorial is mild, and chaste, and as it is the ONLY paper in the country (we believe) and the price a mere nothing $1., 50 per. ann. We expect every man in the country will support it. The proprietor's name is Joseph Martin a very young man, (with whom we are slightly acquainted,) and very promising in appearance. From our heart we wish him prosperity and success.

## THE STATE ADVOCATE.

This new paper is published AT GREENSBORO Choctaw Co. Mississippi, by Messrs Ellis Abbey, and co. It is published weekly at $1. 50 per ann. in advance.

"Announcing candidates $5 for conntry offices, and $10 for State, invariably in advance.

We should say the firm was making a fortune. The paper (which is of medium size) being almost filled with advertisements, of collectors sales. The Advocate is moderately political and gos for Messrs "Democratic Nominees for PRESIDENT and VICE PRESIDENT" The Editors are men of learning and ability and great wags by the way, There is neither fanaticism nor bigotry about them.

## PORT-GIBSON HERALD.

This is another new paper and gos for Henry Clay for PRESIDENT, it is published by Wm. F. EISELY Esq. and Edwin Justus FOSTER Editor, no price named.

It is very ably edited as most of the southern papers are, and so free from party sipirit that unless you looked at the head you would not percieve what side he was on.

The editors cours is open, independent and manly but not invidious. He gos for the people and the honor of his state, in opposition to repudation, the following extract is a fine specimen of the liberty of the press.

We have never asked any thing of government nor people save that protection which every free citizen has a right to claim, whose ancestors had fought for the liberties of his country, nor have we any thing to wish or fear from the hand of power. But when we do, we will take care never to make use of meaus that should degrade a candidate for office, lessen the respect due the elective franchies and reflect upon our free institutions. To descend from the bench to mingle in conty meetings, harangue the people with political slang, then vttend a convention at the seat of government, pull and haul the members about to get yourself the onmination for a high office, then deny it in the most public manner, is worse, if possible, than repudiating an honest contract. By such men the proud flag of our State has received a most withering blast, and now hangs with drooping folds in silent reproof. By such men our name, as a people, have become a by word and a reproach, by such men our Treasury has been robbed our exective turned into ridicule, and our court of Justice made sport of by foreigners. What is liberty worth under such a state of things? Nothing, it is but an empty sound."

## DEMOCRATIC STAR.

Still another. The country is alive with new papers we are glad of it, some will learn while others may not, some have so great a love for H NEY, that they would not stop to learn A. from B. if they had a chance to sell a tract or save a young ladies soul "A LA" Adams of Pittsburg. We begin to breathe more freely over those Newpapers as we perceive the dawn of light and intellgencer bursting through the mist of ignorance.

The Democratic Star is published at Somervill Alabama and edited by one of the ablest men at the head of the Corps, Hon GREEN P. RICE. Open-high minded and manly he speaks out without fear favor or affection. He is a man of learning, with talents of the first order and despises Palyism as cordially as we do. The favorable notices of Hon. G. P. Rice are very flattering we copy an extract from one of these.

SOMERVILLE, ALA., 18th April, 1843.

"With feelings of unfeigned joy we hail the appearance of the "Democratic Star" in our town. We hope that as it has appeared under circumstances favourable if not auspicious, that it will long be a beacon light to direct the Democracy of Morgan, and assist in augmenting that blaze of intellectual radiance now illuminating our free country.

It is to the press untrammeled and free, that we are indebted for the blessings of government and the pleasures of social intercourse, the diffusion of the arts, sciences and literature.

Before its omnipotent power fades the dark mist of superstition and error, while it rehearses the thoughts and conceptions of sages, philosophers and statesmen who have passed from the busy scenes of life. But of all the scourges that have ever afflicted a country that of a corrupt hireling press is the most grevious and galling: Devoid of principle, regardless of truth and justice, of abounding in allusions, obscene and disgusting, decrying innocence, and defending error, the vehicle of party feeling and party interest, at the expense of our common country—no slander too foul for its columns, and nothing so sacred as to be secure from it's foul attacks."

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In asserting that a more suitable person could not have been selected as editor. He is an unflinching Democrat of the old school—firm, consistent, unyielding, holding principle above all price.—More than fifteen years ago he entered the political arena, since which time his course has been straight forward, he has not deviated to the right or left. As President of the Senate, he was dignified and commanding, as a legislator, active, energetic, and indefatigable in his labours. The stations, he has filled in public life with such credit to himself, furnish sufficient evidence of his exalted talents and integrity.

With such an editor, in a community democratic enlighted, liberal, our infant paper must flourish.—May it never lack support."

Such men are a treasure to their country.

## THE CONCORDIA INTELLIGENCER.

This is not a new paper. Having reached its second vol. It is published at vidalid Parish of Concordia we have often seen extracts from the paper and find it little inferior to any southern paper.

It is edited by Robert Patterson Esq. a man of powerful mind. He handles words and matters with the same facility a child would its Toys.

These southern states are peculiarly blessed with intelect and those advantages from nature, which save them from that curse fanaticism and bigotry which disgrace the Eastern States.

And last though not least the NEW YORK AURORA AND UNION. This is the first political exchange we ever received from New York, it is full of politics and two terms principle, none the better for that. It is cheefly valuable however foreign correspondence. It is a small paper and not the best printed, it is headed JOHN TYLER for President. It is a daily paper, edited by Messrs Herrick and Ropes [and some say Maj. M. NOAH has a finger, in the pie.] The price $5. to mail subscribers, and two cent to news-boys. We give an extract of a letter from a parisian correspondent of the aurora and union below, which will be found very entertaining.

## PARIS AND NEW YORK

"New York is undoubtedly—to use a New England phrase, not quite freshly imported—'considerable of a place'—or, as we should say at the South, a 'right smart chance of a settlement'—or, in Iowa, particular tall diggings, but it is well occasionally to curb our overweening vanity by remembering that, although in licentiousness and crime we are, perhaps, a match for any devil's hole on the face of the habitable globe, yet in architeture, the fine arts, literature—every thing which belongs to the mighty category of 'intellectual association'—centuries, in fact, as well as time, behind the capitals of the old world.

The most wonderful of all the capitals of Europe is, without doubt, PARIS. Its population, although falling somewhat short of London, is considerably over a million—or half as great as that of the entire state of New York; and the relative importance of Paris in a social, political and moral point of view, is much superior to that of London. London is not to England what Paris is to France. Paris, as is so well said by De Stael, centress within itself the literature the fine arts, the political influence, the fashionable society, the refinement and splendor, of the whole kingdom.' Out of Paris, France is nothing.

But the object of these remarks is to introduce to our readers a correspondent from the French capital, with whom we are sure they will be enchanted. He seems to have seen every thing—and his plan is a perfect Daguerreotype. We have read nothing for a very long time more sprightld, piquant and satisfactory than this letter and so, to deprive you no longer of a pleasure which we are sure you will know how to apprecrate here it is.

Well verily this is the capital of the world! I thought, while I was in London, that the magnificence of the palaces there, and the beauty of the parks, and the evidence of wealth that I saw in every quarter could not possibly be equalled in Europe, but truly, they sink into comparative insignificance when contrasted with Paris and its invirons. One becomes satiated and bewildered here in looking."

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How then can I, in a letter, say one word about them.

Or, leaving the palace and going into the gardens and parks which are around it, how can one give you an idea of them? Why, here are rows of statues of the most exquisite finish extending before you, and on every side, as far as the eye can reach and each on deserving a special notice. These statues, however, are but one class of ornaments to grounds that would be surpassingly handsome without them. Here you are standing at the side of a beautiful sheet of water, thirty yards in dismeter, encircled by a border of richly sculptured marble, and around the edge, at intervals of a few feet stand great bronze tritons, each holding in her arms a gilded dolphin, from whose mouth the water is spouted high into the air, and as it falls towards the centre, is caught in another smaller basin that rest, upon the summit of an ornamental column, and is discharged from this through the mouths of a score of sea monsters into a similar but larger receptacle beneath, over the sides of which it escapes, and falling, laves the limbs of old Neptune and several of the ladies and gentlemen of his house hold, but of whose names I am ignorant They, however set now in the centre of this fountain day and night, by particular request, as I suppose—This happens to be the fountain nighest to you the one yonder is much more beautiful, so is the next to describe these things. Why to use the langu of the celebrated report by a member of the New York Legislature, on the subject of blearing the Overslargh, 'it is impossible, and can't be did.

Let me see how many palaces have I within ten days? There is the Palace of the Tuileries, a splendid concern, the king moved into it yesterday from St. Cloud, the Palace of the Louvre, (where I have spent three days in looking at pictures by the old masters. and am not half though yet,) in which the galleries of ancient sculpture are situated, the Palace of the Luxemborg, which is despository of modern sculpture and modern paintings, and contains the old and new chambers of Peers, and Napoleon's reception room, where I sat in his chair of state, &c., &c., the Palace of Justice, which I do full justice in saying is not much of a palace—the Palace Royal, which is very beautiful, though smaller than the other, but finished and furnished most elegantly, and has so comfortable an appearance that it makes a poor man feel very uncomfortable to go through it. It contains, amongst a great many other valuable paintings, a series of pictures representing different events in the life of Louis Philippe, from the time he taught school in Switzerland until he became King of the French—the Royal Palace at Versailles, fourteen miles from Paris, where in one day I waded through suits of rooms filled with pictures and statuary, which, if joined together, would form a gallery of more than five miles and a quarter in length.

This may appear to you to be a large story, but it is true to the letter, and sixty more rooms are now being finished and will be thrown open next spring. Besides all this, the palace contains the private apartments, about one hundred in number, and a large chapel and a theatre into which strangers are not admitted. This is by far the largest and most splendid palace in the world It is said that the pictures in it if hung side by side, would extend more than sixty miles! Indeed, the quantity of paintings in all these palaces, as well as in the churches here, and most of the public places, is truly astonishing. I never had an idea that there were so many in the world as I have already seen. The best collection in Paris is at the Louvre although it is not so extensive as that at Versailles.

## THE HUNTRESS

A sudden and severe attack of illness, the present week, has compelled us to use the scissors pretty freely. But we are well again and ready for the missionaries, we have hushed them up about "spreading the gospel" what new name will they take next?

## THE CHARTISTS.

In another column will be found the trial of the chartists, we do not approve of the chartists plan it is rather a blood-thirsty affair and can only result in evil to themselves. Let the cause of their complaints be just or otherwise it is not half so bad as civil war.

A Mr. Charles Pew was recently married to Miss Maria Cushing. It announting the fact, a witty contemporary remarks—. That what we call CUSHIONING A PEW.

Will some kind friend tell us how to please every body?—Forum

'By fancying you are yourself every body.'

An eminent physician has recently discovered that the nightmare, in nine cases out of ten, is procured 'from owing a bill to the newspaper man,'

And yet another! and still another One is a Dicher a Tyler paper, other Clay

## POETRY;

"To charm the languid hours of solitude,
He oft invites her to the Muse's lore,

### THE LEAST LEAF.

BY OLIVER W. HOLMES:

I saw him once before
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.
They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round,
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone!

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he hath prest
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grand-mamma has said—
Poor old lady she is dead
Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff;
And a crook is in his back,
And melancholy crack
In his laugh

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three cornered hat,
And the breeches and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

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*From the Higland Messenger;*

## THE KENTUCKIAN AND THE CALF;

OR A MIDNIGHT ROBBER.

Messrs. Editors,—Without going into a minute detail of the history of the above animals or their species, I will merely state that, on a cold night in December, 18—, a Kentuckian stopped at my father's house for the night. Supper over, he retired, wishing to take an early start next morning. Having been up once or twice in the night to ascertain the whereabouts of the stars, &c., he had left the door open (for he slept in a room with an outside door and a petition, and a door in it, in the outside) both of which he had left partly open. After having [as he thought] been asleep for sometime in the second nap, he was awakened by the breathing of some one just at the side of his pillow, which, at that unusual hour of the night, and in the 'blackness of darkness,' most terribly frightened him, whereupon he enquired, 'who's there?' No answer being given and the breathing continuing, he repeated in a loud voice, 'Who are you? Speak, or you are a dead man.' The robber made no answer, but still his breathing could be more distinctly heard, and once, if not oftener, he was heard to grit his teeth, as if in defiance of his threats. 'Speak!' cried out the more and more alarmed Kentuckian, no answer still being given, he became almost wild with terror and alarm and after raising up upon one elbow, with great difficulty he manned up courage sufficient to reach out the other hand to feel whether he could find the object of his terror. This was a dangerous exploit, for in doing it he laid his hand directly upon what he considered a cold white corpse, for he now plainly saw the object, and the chill of death seemed to course through his veins with a coldness and rapidity which he had never before experienced, accompanied by a sudden bal! This overcome him, and he fell back and seemed as in the last agonies of death. 'Landlord? O murder! murder!!—O Lord, Lord!—murder—run here.—O murder!—run here, landlord—O murder!' This raised the whole posse comitatus of the premises, including men, women, children, dogs and cats.—After much terror, difficulty and confusion, a light was obtained, and the room of the dying man entered by the whole family, armed with sticks tongs, shovels, guns and firebrands.—He was found upon his back in bed, as pale as a glass of milk, with his hands clasped, and in a profuse cold sweat. At the foot of the bed stood his foe, with four legs, a tail behind it, two ears, two horns, and a real bona fide calf skin on it? with its back covered with snow. When the gentleman went out [as I said before] he left the doors open, and soon after a snow fell, which caused the calf to seek shelter where it did. And, gentle reader, a few moments after that I went to sleep.

J. M. E.

Edneyville. April 1.

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## SCHOOL-ROOM.

"Geography class come up. Ephraim, how is the state of Iowa bounded?'

'It's bounded on the north by Kenneobsco', on the northeast by the Boundary Question, on the east by Scovy Notia, on the south by the Chinese wall, and on the west by the Mississippy river.

'Very good—describe the soil and climate.

'It's climate is very salubrious, and the soil ingubrious — producing immense swarms of herpacious animals, called gally nippers. They are about the size of daddy's windmill, with pudding tails, fence rail legs, and ken bite through a saw file—they infest the forest in herds, frequently devouring vegetation for whole miles rounds and they are taken in steel traps by the natives, for the purpose of immegration.'

'For what is this State celebrated?'

"It's famous for flat head babies and pretty gals, who go to meetin' to practic animal magnetism. It is also the birth place of Mazeby, the Moore of Venice.'

'Elegent—what are its productions.

'Flour barrels, bean puddings, codfish, and cotton pods, also tenpenny nails, sheet iron coddings, and red flannel sassingers.

'Excellent—take your seat—you'll soon be a Congressman.

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*Messrs* narnden & Co, by the *last arrival* received from their Liverpool correspondent *a* letter under date of the 8th of march *from* which we make the following extract:—

—'The report has just reached our office from Lancaster that the chartists' trials are over, and that Fergus O'Conner has been transported for life,.

Such is the made by which the British Government silence those who have the honesty to tell people of the misdeens of *their* rulers and to describe the *plunder* and *tyranny* of the aristocracy in the *only* terms that can truly set forth their conduct.—

Fergus O. Conner *may* have been *guilty* of some indiscressions in his endeavors to improve the condition of his country men: but that he was actuated in his struggle by the purest feeling of philanthropy and patriotism we have not a doubt. If his objects were selfish, he had too much intellengence not know that advocate the cause *of the groaning millions* was not the way to advance such feelings under the british Goverment But he cast from him *all* the personal advantages that might be won by employing his high talents in the service of the aristocracy, and with no other reward in view but the gratitude of a down-trodden people, he essayed with all the euergy of his powerful mind, to break the chains of the oppressors, and to relieve the people from at least a portion of the tyranny under which they groaned. For this CRIME he has been punished as above stated; for endeavored to improve the moral and political condition of his countrymen, he is banished from his native land, forced into companionship with the vilest felons, and branded with the infamy of those with whom he is compelled to associate. Such is the justice meted out by England to those who advocate the cause of the people.—But the banishment of O'Conner, cannot check the growth or impede the advancement of the republican principles to which he has become a martyr. His punishment will but and to the desires of the people to rid themselves of a system that does not hesitate to outrage all the rights of man in maintaining its power, and it will but hasten the day when England must redress the heart rending suffering of her starving subject, or they will resort to the last means left to the oppressed to punish tyrants and gain their own freedom.

The accumulating wrongs of the people of Great Britain, will yet force them to declare for the glorious principles of the American Declaration of Independence, and when they rise in their might, animated by the love of liberty that sustained the heroes of our revolution, what powers of guilt, corruption and tyranny, can impede their march to revenge and freedom! Justic will then be done O' Conner, and the memories of the housands who have been, e for advocating the rights of humanity, will be herished by the liberated millions, with and affection as deep and warm, as the present condition of the people is degrading and oppressive,

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## ADVERTISEMENTS.

—o—

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By the former Editor of the Saturday.

Evening Post and Saturday Courier

Comprising the labor of twenty years experience in the Newspaper business the, aid of the most distinguished newspaper writers of the day, a valuable Foreign Correspondence with troops of Literary friends and the determination to publish a Newspaper of all classes, which;

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MISSOURI CURRENT RIVER COPPER MINES.

SHANNON COUNTY, MISSOURI.

WOULD now ask the attention of capitalists to these Copper Mines, rice in ore, yielding from 40 to 66 per cent, of copper, which by a single process of smelting, is equal to the South American refined pig—so pronounced by Messrs McKim & Co., of Baltimore, to whom several shipments were made by the "Mine a la Motte Mining Company." Situated near the junction of Jack's Fork and the Current river, within half a mile of either stream and near waterpower for all manufacturing purposes, and under a sunny clime in the vicinity of agricultural lands equal to the best in Missouri: surrounded by hills bearing inexaustible forests, and rising to mountains whence flow pure and never failing springs forming navigation six months in the year,—Nature with a profuse hand seems to have omitted but few facilities for manufacturing and transporting the product of the copper mines. Believing this property of all the vast and fertile Mississippi valley may be made the most safe and profitable investment of capital, I will propose a disposition of a portion (by sale or otherwise,) on liberal terms, by which to enlist the agency of capitalists, and make it productive.

Miners may obtain mining lots, by application to S. Chilton at the mines.

P. S. The above described mines, since the year 1837, have been held, in a measure, unproductive by conflicting claims. I first located confirmed Spanish grants on them, which James Whitcomb, then Commissioner, decided were not confirmed then acquired title under Mr. James Thompson who held by floating pre-emption right when Joseph Slater the agent and took an extensive by Josias Berryman of said company, both of whom have are convicted by the facts of perjury on which alone was set aside by Whitcomb who was succeeded and change of Commissioners an issue in was had and my title confirmed and of Conel T. J. Allen register of her office and the decision of the General Office as published in the Globe of ber 7th 1842 also decision of the Mr. Forward Secretary of the Treasury confirming the Commissioner decision

J. EPES COWAN.

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OF THE.

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'G'way; g'way dere—you'll do doin' mischief,' said a negro, who stood on the top of a ladder, to a hen, which was rubbing against the bottom of it.

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THE proprietor of the "Georgetown Advocate," will issue, on Saturday, the 29th of April,

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At the very unprecedentedly low price of One Dollar per annum.

It will contain all the principal matter of the Tri-weekly Advocate, and will constitute an admirable paper for country residents—Professional men, Farmers, Mechanics, and private gentlemen.

JOHN T. CROW,

GEORGETOWN APRIL 6, 1842.

## PERSEVERANCE COFFEE HOUSE.

THE subscriber having taken the PERSEVERANCE COFFEE HOUSE, formerly occupied by John Babcock, a few doors south corner of 6th street and Pennsylvania Avenue, begs leave to inform the Public that his Bar is furnished with as good Spirituous Liquors Wine Porter Ale and Cider as in any other establishment in the city—and he intends keeping a constant supply of the best Oysters cooked in every style for private families.

WILLIAM BENTER.

## NOTICE TO WESTERN TRAVELLERS

FARE 2 dollars cheaper than any other line Frederick or Wheeling.

The Fredericktown stage leaves the office opposite Gadsby's Hotel, daily, for Frederick and Wheeling. Passengers securing their seats at this office in Baltimore, have a decided preference over all other passengers that steam it, for this reason.

The stage will leave Fredericktown daily on the arrival of the Western stages, and arrive at Washington in time to take all Southern routes, by this line the passengers will arrive at Winchester the same day.

The coaches and teams on this route are of the first quality, with skilful and attentive drivers, and the proprietor pledges himself that every attention and accommodation will be given to the passengers who give this line their patronage.

feb 19 JOHN BROWN, Proprietor.

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TAYLOR.

cure seats for Wheeling or Pittsburg, by applying to the conductors of the Washington railroad cars, which will entitle them to precedence upon their arrival at Hancock over all other way passengers.

Passengers wishing to proceed direct to the West will take the morning train of cars from Washington at 6 o'clock for the Relay House where they can breakfast, and take the Westerin for Hancock immediately afterwards.

For further information apply to S. STINUS, Agent Balt. and Wash. Railroad

MICHAEL McDERMOTT wishes to inform his customers and the Public in general that he still continues to carry on the COACH MAKING BUSINESS, in all its branches, on Penn, avenue between Third and four-and a-half streets, where he keeps constantly on hand for sale Family Carriages, Barouches, Vehicles, Buggies, Sulkies, Gigs, Cartyalls, &c. made of the best materials and by selected workmen. He hopes by strict attention to business, to receive a share of public patronage.

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The subscriber having taken the large and commodious Hotel on Seventh street, one door from the corner of Pennsylvania Avenue, facing Centre Market, formerly occupied by John Lloyd, Esq.

Of this long established house, for convenience and comfortable apartments, little need be said. The subscriber, also long known to the Public, is prepared to accommodate boarders and travellers at the shortest notice. His teble is plentifully furnished with the best the market affords, prepared by experienced cooks, and attentive servants.

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THE HUMAN HAIR is warranted stand or restored, and the head kept free from Dandruff, by the genuine *Oldrige's Balm of Cothumbia.*

Remember the genuine as described below. 2 This is certified to by several Mayors, Ministers of the Gospel. British Consuls Physicians and a great number of our most honorable citizens, to be seen where it is sold.

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Apply at the wholesale and retail office No. 2 Fletcher street, near Maiden Lane and Pearl tree

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WASHINGTON CITY, D. C., March

8th chconsequence of the great scarcity of money charge for board at this Hotel will be one dollar and fifty cents per day. The same price will be charged for board at the Ladies Ordinary. Liquors and wine of all rts reduced to one-half the former rates.

The proprietor feels grateful for the liberal patronage he has received, and hopes by unceasing attention and low charges to meet the approbation of all who may honor him with their company.

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—The subscriber respectfully informs his friends, and the public enerally, but he has commenced the above business at No. 6, east of Gadsby's Hotel. Having an experience of four or five years, and a thorough practical knowledge of the manufacture of Tobacco in all its varieties, it may confidently be expected that he will keep constantly on hand the most excellent articles, (and at reasonable low prices too,) in the Tobacco line, imported into this country. He hopes, by a devotedness to his business, to meet with encouragement from a generous public, whom it will be his greatest, desire to please. He has now in store, and for sale, the following choice brands of Tobacco, Cigars, and Snuff;

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Bridges's Diamond Jesse Hare's sun cure
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| | |
|---|---|
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| Congress | [snuff Boxes of b, |

N. B. The undersigned will do business on the cash system, and consequently will be able to furnish goods at least 25 per cent. cheaper than any other establishment in the District. All goods sold by the subscriber as warranted can be returned if not found to be what is represented. W. H. WINTER.

## DEPOT HOUSE.

This is a new tavern recently opened by MICHAEL McDERMOTT, at that popular stand formerly occupied by Mr. McGuire, immediately opposite the car office, on Pennsylvania Avenue. Mr. McD. has long been known to the public as a successful carriage maker, and a most amiable man.

He has fitted up the house in a neat and commodious style, and solicits a portion of the public patronage. He is prepared to entertain travellers and citizens at the shortest notice. He has a well furnished bar and provided with good beds and stables.

$100 REWARD.

## DR. STORM'S SPECIFIC COMPOUND.

For the cure of Gonorrhœa, Gleets, Strictures, Diabetes or difficulty in making water and all other unnatural discharges from urethra of either sex.

In no case has this medicine been known to fail, to effect a permanent cure, and too, in the shortest possible time. Should this medicine fail to effect a cure where it has been used according to directions, return the emptst ial and get back the money. Why then spend both time and money with such quack nostrums as cannot be depended upon: when a $1, you can purchase a pleasant sure and speedy cure, composed solely of vegetable substance! One hundred dollars will be paid to any one who will produce a medicine to equal this compound, or who will prove that it contains any mineral substance whatever.

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WASHINGTON CITY:

Among which may be found the following—Artichoke, Asparagus, Beans, various kinds, Beets, every variety; Brussels Sprouts, Broccoli, Collards, Cabbage, many sorts, Carrots, do. do. Cauliflowers, late and early, Celer white and red, Chervil, or Salad, Corn Salad Cress or Pepper Grass; Cucumber, late and early; Corn, early, prolific, and sweet; Egg Plant, white and purple; Endive Curled, Kale for Borecole; Leek, English and Scotch and all the best sorts; Melons and Cantelopes—Nasturtium; Okra, excellent for Soups; Onions, white, red and silve, Parsley, plain and curled; Parsnip, large, Peas, extra early, and late, Pepper, Squash and other, Pumpkins, preminum, Radishes, many sorts, Rhubar, for Tarts Salsify or Vegetable Oyster—Spinage round and quickly—Squash, every variety, Tomato, the finest kind: Turnip, all the best sorts, Onion Sets, &c. &c.

Splendid Flower seeds, Bulbous Roots Dahlias, &c. &c.

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THE subscriber has taken the City Lunch corner of 14th street and Pennsylvania avenue formerly kept by John Handy jr. where he intends keeping all the delicacies of the season both in the eating and drinking away. Gentlemen will please and taste for themselves.

JOHN PURDON.

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By G. Watterston, Esq—The above work just published, with a frontispiece of the Statue of Washington by Greenough, and contains every thing relating to the history of Washington, and its progress and improvement since its origin to the citizen and stranger, and is a perfect guide to all its object of curiosity, and to every thing that a stranger would be desirous to make himself acquainted with, while a sojourner in it, or a resident abroad. It gives a true picture of Washington, though not a mere picture book—half its institutions, works of art, &c., are briefly but satisfactorily described. It sketches its usages customs, manners, and religious and moral tone of its society—public buildings, literary, social, and other institutions—its location, the condition of the legal and medical professions, its growth and character of its resident population—gives an abstract of its municipal regulations, civil and criminal courts—duties of the principal executive officers of the General Government, of the committees of Congress, and a great variety of useful, local, and general information which a resident as well as a stranger would be pleased to possess. Among the descriptions of the societies which have been organized in Washington, are two at considerable length, and of great interest—one, of the National Institution, and the other of the Society of Odd Fellows.

The work is printed in a neat and handsome style, of over 200 pages, and for sale at the book-store of R. FARNHAM, corner of 11th street and Pennsylvania avenue.

## SHERWOOD FOR CHRONIC DISEARS

Of the class of Hypertrophy, including the forms of Scrofula, viz: Tubercula Consumption, Dyspepsia, Chronic Disease of the Liver of the Heart of the Spleen, of the Kidneys, of the Spine, White Swellings, Scrofulous Sore Eyes, Scald Head, King' Evil, Leucorrhœa, Chlorosis, Menorrhagia or Females Complaints,

These are but different modifications of the same disease, arising from the same cause, distinguished by the same diagnosis, and curable by the same remedies. Their common cause is an irregular action of the Electro-Galvanic forces in the system—they may all be detected by pressure upon the sides of the vertebra and glands of the neck which elicits the Electro-magnetic remedies: The latter are accompanied by a compendious medical treatise, explaining the principles of the discovery upon which they are founded, stating the manner in which they are to be applied. In this work Dr. Sherwood demonstrates the fact that every part of the human body, together with every particle of animate and inanimate matter either in a negative or positive state of electricity and that every motion, in all matter, whether in the largest masses or in the smallest particles, is produced by the attracting and repelling force or universal principle. The monstrosities which produces disease of the organs or fluids seems to be occasioned by the undue preponderance of one of these forces in the system and his remedies restore health by subduing this irregular action to an equilibrium. By this means the very seeds of [illegible] are eradicated, and a permanent cure effected, even in cases where all hope of relief from other sources is abandoned. The Electro-Magnetic remedies are the only preparations applicable to this prevailing class of diseases and they never disappoint the confidence reposed in them these symptoms of the class of diseases to which they are applicable can be discovered, under the directions contained in the work which accompanies it, without the aid of a physician, and can be used with perfect safety and success without dieting or inconvenience.

JOSEPH NOCK.—(formerly of Philadelphia. Pennsylvania Avenue, between 12th and 13th Streets, South side, next door to the Star Coffee House, Washington, D. C. Manufacturer of Patent Tuck, Pad and Other Locks, warranted Security of BRAMAH, and other improved Patents for Banks, Stores, Prisons, Dwelling Houses, with Safety Tumbler Night Latches, and small keys; Secret and Extra Locks, made to order, with the key carried in a Finger-ring, for small as well as for large front door locks.

N. B. Repairing in general, not only of Locks, but Clocks, Musical and Mathematical Instruments, &c. Also, Polishing or Cleaning fancy instruments or machinery of metal, will be neatly and promptly executed.

## LADIES AND GENTLEMEN'S LAST AND FANCY SHOE STOR

*Manufactured by James Jack.*

The undersigned has opened a cheap and fashionable Shoe Store, on Penn. Avenue, nearly opposite Brown's Hotel, between Sixth and Seventh streets, where he will always keep on hand an assortment of Lady's and Gentlemen's Boots and Shoes of the best manufacture and materials, and of the most fashionable style. Among which are.

| | |
|---|---|
| MEN'S fine seal, Morocco, and calf boots | |
| Do grain, Calf and Kip welted, | do. |
| Do coarse thick | do. |
| Do Brogans and Monroe | do. |
| Do pumps and Calf | shoes. |

BOYS Boots, Brogans, and dress shoes.

LADIES AND MISSES fine Calf, Seal and Morocco walking do.

Do Do fine Kid and Gaiters.

All of which the undersigned will sell cheap Apply as above. JAMES H. BIRCH.

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